

# The Washington Times

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## Mr. Fat Squirrel, Look Out

Reading the Palm of Your Paw, the Fortune Teller  
Would Say: "Beware of a Thin-Faced Young Man  
in Khaki Soon Coming Across the Water."

Here's another cartoon by J. M. Baer, the farmer from North Dakota who represents Western farmers in the United States Congress. Baer possesses three useful weapons. He can earn a living on a farm—that is number one. It makes him independent.

He is a good Congressman, the Interests can't get him, and he understands those whom he represents. That makes him permanent.

He is a cartoonist by trade. He can make a picture that tells a story; he carries an idea from his brain into yours. That is a useful fighting weapon.

Here is one of his good pictures. It tells a story that will interest you, if you are interested in average Americans. It tells a story that should make some of American profiteers think, as they sit warm and snug in the old stump and eat the chestnuts gathered during the war.

When he sent in this cartoon, Baer wrote to the editor: "I don't think you need to say much about this picture. The average American will know what it means. Digging up stumps is one of the favorite sports of Americans, especially those in the West. For every foot of land they have, many of them have to dig up stumps bigger than this one."

Mr. Baer is right. This is the kind of a picture that doesn't need an editorial, so there shan't be any beyond this remark:

The young man who has been abroad, across the ocean, seen how they live over there, and comes back after making his sacrifice, will not be very patient with the old squirrel that lives in the hollow stump and thinks the land and the sky above it belong to him.

That's going to be an unhappy squirrel when the army is back.

## A Woman's Questions

Can You Answer Them?

Mrs. A. F. Stark writes that she pities poor editors, who, she says, "have to wrestle with crude 'urges' that will not down."

Editors don't really wrestle with crude urges. They just go along, work, make a living, die, and are forgotten like other diggers of ditches.

For some mysterious, pathetic reason, many believe that to be an editor is to be something worth while and interesting. That is a mistake.

Much more interesting than an editor are the following questions that Mrs. Stark sends, with a request that they be answered:

"Tell us why one so seldom finds a really kind, generous personality, or a satisfactory clerk?"

"Why wealth so often proves such an impassable barrier to mind or soul culture?"

"Why those who do aims before men, and bowl others over to get to the chief seats in the synagogues, should be accorded most of the world's prizes?"

"Why the poor have to stand for all the disgrace and publicity, while even the names of their wealthy accomplices are so carefully suppressed?"

"Why is it that adversity makes grouches out of some folks and saints out of others, and which of these make the best employees?"

"Why should we punish so austere when so few have had a chance in way of opportunities and example?"

"Why should we spend so much time abhorring Judas Iscariot, when we have so many modern members of his cult in our midst?"

"And what is the work that is before us if it isn't the thrashing out of such vital problems? You quote Voltaire as saying, 'Cultivate your garden,' but can't we cultivate weeds as well as flowers, and is it best that we continue to look upon our own thoughts as weeds and those of any other as flowers?"

We cannot answer those questions satisfactorily. It doesn't matter, for those that ask deep questions are pleased when you can't answer. You remember the Sphinx. She had a happy life answering questions, and killing those that asked one question and killing those that couldn't answer it.

When it was answered she got so mad that she threw herself down from a mountain and ended her career.

Mrs. S., for her comfort, may remember that this world is as yet a half-baked concern. We are not civilized, nor are we anywhere near it.

The earth is like a house that hasn't been painted, no plumbing installed, to say nothing of a kitchen range or an ice box.

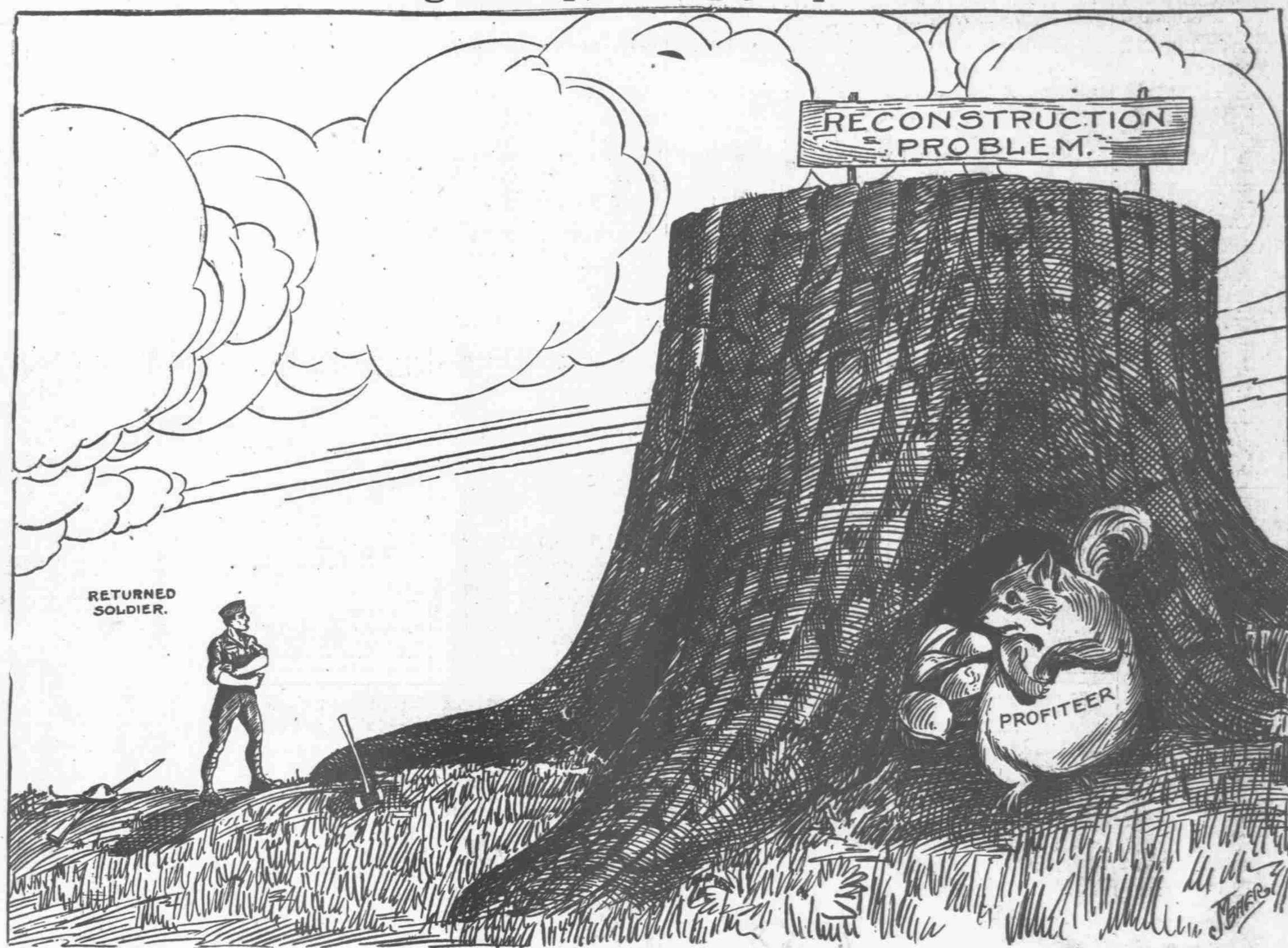
We haven't even drained the swamps, irrigated the deserts, or enabled the people to live comfortably on the land, of which there is more than enough for all. We are like a lot of barbarians camped out on a desert island, too much for some, too little for others, nothing for the very unfortunate.

That will change some day, and if Mrs. S. returns in a million years she will find a very respectable world, plenty of people to answer her questions—in fact, the questions will have been answered by that time.

In the zoological gardens, in the monkey house, you have to ask: "Why does that big monkey always steal the peanut from that poor, little, sick monkey?"

You move away from the monkey house to the Red Cross Hospital, and you see the big, strong man handing the doughnut to the little, weak man.

That is progress.



But, the man who has the job in hand will dig up that stump before he gets through with it, and that particular squirrel will feel the cold air—See Editorial.

## Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

MEN have contributed much illuminating comment on the discussion that has been running in this column lately. "Girls Who Do Not Attract Men." These views coming from the camp of the enemy, so to speak, have all the value of captured war maps. And now the truth is out and the "enemy"—to still employ that figure—has stated his reasons for refusing to capitulate to certain types; girls are invited to avail themselves of this valuable information.

One naval officer, conspicuous for the number of invitations he has received to speak in public, since he returned from "over there" has contributed some especially interesting data. He asks me not to publish his letter, or "at least not in full," and I am going as far as I dare with the following extracts.

Fads Are Fatal.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: In regard to girls who may be described as "non-conductors" of romance, it appears to be purely a question of intuition. Do you remember the old nursery rhyme: "I do not like the Doctor Fell, the reason why I cannot tell, 'Dr. Fell' fails to please, for no reason at all, and so does his feminine counterpart."

Certain girls render themselves taboo by bad chasing, one may be daft over Gladys, but if she rides rough-shod over your heart, soul and most sacred convictions with her newest little hobby horse, you flee from Gladys and her offending charger, in time. Beautiful little Gladys has proved that she can be a first rate bore.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

What They May Not Do.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: With pleasure I mention a few of the girls who are as safe from me as if they were in the jungles of Africa surrounded by a guard of lions. Among them are: The girl who instructs me, tells me what to read to improve my uncultivated mind, and what music can be depended on to "soothe my savage breast." The girl who brags about her papa's wealth, and his seat among the mighty, is safe. So is the girl that boasts about her conquests with men, like the lady-Nut who wrote you the other night and signed herself "La Belle Dame Sans"—brave, let me add for her. The baby-talk girl would drive me to drink—if there were anything left.

I don't like a girl to be too effusive—if she's so badly grateful to me for a little attention, I have the feeling of a philanthropist. Rotten for a sailor to have when he goes courting. I don't care for the girl who tries to snub me at first—followed by the strategy of being decent, later—I want none of her.

I don't like the ostentatiously

## GIRLS WHO DO NOT ATTRACT MEN

clever girl, she can be as clever as she pleases if I don't find it out. I like a girl who has a good appetite and who eats her dinner when I take her out. I like a girl to have humor. I like a girl to be a pal, I'm scared to death of the easy-kisser. I like a girl with a good complexion, she may paint if I don't find it out. I like pretty hair and pretty feet and hands, and oh yes, I love a swell dresser.

A STRANGER TO THESE SHORES. A Walter Reed Point of View. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I note with interest the voluminous outpouring of the heart of Miss V. C. D. in last Saturday's Times. Also the highly refined sentiments voiced in the puerile platitude of La Belle Dame Sans—something awful.

"How do they get that way?" Why can't these misguided young persons get on to the fact that a man either likes a girl or doesn't like her? There is no in between. All same, a girl either likes a man or doesn't like him—and if she doesn't like him he either gets him another girl or joins the army—the latter being preferable.

The trouble with Miss Disgusted is that she is in the same fix that I'm in. Her personality seems to be inadequate to attract men, just as mine seems to be inadequate to attract women. But, whereas she gives no specific reason for her lack of popularity, simply handing the entire male sex a black eye—I can give a good and sufficient reason in my case.

I am one of those unfortunate who never thought it worth while to train their feet. Consequence is,

that when I go forth on the floor (dance)—which I don't very often—the girl discovers that I possess two left feet, and immediately my popularity wanes.

This has happened every time I tried, and since I have never met a girl but who is dead nuts on dancing, the natural conclusion is—I am a failure.

And so, at the twenty-third milestone of my more or less chequered career, I find that I am far from being a drawing card with the girls. Why? I don't dance. And so, again, I arrive at another conclusive conclusion, that, since I don't dance, and since all girls dance, and since I am not liked by girls because I don't dance, my friendship is worth no more to them, than my ability to dance.

You in your column discuss the failure of some girls to attract men. Here is one reason—works in my case, and I am not the only one by a long shot. I'd rather talk to a girl, or listen to her talk, than pull her around on a waxed floor. And in some cases it's SOME pull, I'll tell the world in a few words. Since it seems that 99 per cent of all girls are not built that way nowadays—since they prefer to give expression to their sentiments by the motion of their feet, rather than by that of their brain cells—check! I'd rather talk to a man than dance with a woman.

Of course, I don't presume to speak for the whole male sex. I'm speaking only for the fellow who doesn't dance, is not handsome, and has nothing but a fairly well-developed cerebellum and an interesting earning capacity. And permit me to say that the average man hates to attract a woman by his earning capacity only. He draws the line at giving her his name and the right to call him her personal property. N. C. O.

Judge All By A Few. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: After reading the letter from "La Belle Dame Sans" in Saturday's edition of The Times, would like to reply to the young lady who so viciously attacks the male sex in general.

It seems to be the common failing of the world to judge the masses by the shortcomings of some one person. As a small cog in the machinery of Uncle Sam's navy, let me say a man may sow the proverbial "wild oats" in civil life and "get away with it." When a "job" imbibes too freely of the forbidden nectar, and is brought back to his ship or station, those who see him voice a word of condemnation on the organization of which he is a member. In the case of the civilian, people simply wag their gossip tongues and say: "John Jones was drunk last night." On the other hand, when a Gob strays from the straight and narrow path, the whole navy suffers "in the eyes of the world."

Surely a girl who speaks so lightly of broken engagements must be very, very selfish. There are, doubtless, many persons who suffer and have suffered from broken heart, but why break other hearts to make the memory of their disappointments less bitter.

As for men loving flattery, I think that statement is erroneous. A little flattery goes a long way, and a man who is cool-headed and clear-thinking, will not allow himself to be swayed from his standpoint by silly adulation. I may be behind the times, but I understand that the vampire tactics employed by Theda Bara are copy-righted and "all rights reserved." She must concede her laurels to "La Belle Dame" as past master of the gentle art of heart-breaking. JACK.

The Gas Cure Recommended. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Please tell me is there any harm to sit in the parlor at night without a light burning. My friend always puts the light out as soon as he comes in. I would much rather have it burning. We have been going together for six years now; do you think he intends to marry me? Mother says it is all right to have a little light. Now what would you do, Miss Fairfax, please tell me in The Times.

HEARTBROKEN ALICE. I should begin applying the gas cure the next time this young man, called, I'd not only light one jet but two. Really Heartbroken Alice. I believe this young man would not have wasted six years of your life if you had not been so thrifty in the matter of lights.

## HEARD AND SEEN

This Village Spendthrift of ours, GEORGE FRANCIS DONOHUE, trailed around after me yesterday, after buying me the finest lunch that ever mortal man set eyes upon.

I had to do a little shopping, and George came on with me. First I wanted a couple of seats for The Rainbow Girl, and Spendthrift, he butted in and got STEVE COCHRAN to sell him some seats for next week. I hope Steve cashes in.

And then I had to go up to SIDNEY REIZENSTEIN'S and George trotted on behind. I have an idea that Miss McGeth held on to the dollar that the spender gave her, because there seemed to be a commotion in the shop.

Well, after that I remembered I had to get some candy and MRS. WALTER BROWNLEY had a two-pound box for me, but George couldn't keep out of the conversation, so he jammed his way to the front and asked her to change a dollar bill.

You don't get much of a reputation as a spender if all you do is to ask for change. I'll leave it to you.

CHARLIE BOYER, at the Federal National Bank, absolutely refused to take the dollar that George wanted to have CHANGED. MR. WILCOX did, however.

And young MR. MYERS, in the paying teller's cage at the District National Bank, changed one, all right.

Went up to the Press Club and got a drink of water, and Fred Rhodes, the clerk, changed another of this alleged spender's coin. Hold on to it, Fred.

After that we strolled out on the street and began chinning with Sunshine Mary, who sells papers and disseminates good advice and gentility at 15th and G streets. George had a hard time to get her to take a dollar. She said she hadn't any change—but she did have a bag full.

And after that we went over and bought a newspaper from DUMMIE the largest newsboy in Washington. Somehow I believe Dummy knew who the spender was. Anyhow, I hope so, for I'd like to see him change that one for a five.

Thursday night at Tenth and D streets northwest a young man who had been drinking was in the first stages of being arrested—awaiting the arrival of the automobile patrol to cart him off to the calaboose. He was affording the crowd much amusement with a line of genuine wit emanating from the aforesaid joy water, but it was nothing compared to the laugh the crowd got when the wagon balked on its return

Judge R. L. Stanton took Miss Peggy Watson, the pretty debutante, and Lieut. Dick Brooke, who led the North Dakota boys over the top in Flanders, to "She Walked in Her Sleep" last night.

I am informed that a popular debating club in the Interior Department utilizes the leisure moments of the lunch hour in the analysis and determination of questions of both national and international importance. The debate frequently becomes so animated that it is necessary for the presiding officer, JUDGE J. B. O'NEIL, to call upon SERGT.-AT-ARMS T. F. MURPHY to maintain regular order. MAJOR H. E. PICKEN was a conspicuous speaker yesterday on the "League of Nations." COL. W. T. ELLIOTT, a charter member of the organization, has given notice that he will speak soon on the "Daylight Saving Law."

You know I asked ED SCMD why he had a nest for roosters in his window and he replies by saying that he got the idea from HENRY HUNT the 3D.

I understand that they have removed the siren that was on the Evans building, and are using it now to call people to fires instead of prayers some place in the suburbs.

It seems to me that everybody has stopped praying now that they have GOTTEN OVER THEIR SCARE, but as yet, I have not heard that peace has been declared. They still observe the noonday prayer at the City Postoffice. What is the matter with the rest of the people?

Where Is Clarendon?

This is from our Sporting Editor's account of the dinner at Clarendon, Va., Wednesday night:

"Manager Clark Griffith, of the Washington club, was called out of town, and was not present. Mayor Mique Martin, of Cherrysdale, another invited guest, got lost on the road and failed to arrive up to midnight."

I suppose nobody could tell MIQUE MARTIN where Clarendon is.

SERGEANT CHARLIE McCANN is back and being written about in the papers. I remember the day he marched in the parade in honor of the first draft.

"I expect to have a bayonet stuck through me the first thing," said Charlie McCann to me.

I'm thoroughly glad he was a better machine gunner than he was a prophet.